Cozen, on Wedneſday next, our Councell we will hold
At *Windſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to us againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be uttered.

Weſt. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prin. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a devill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Unleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the ſignes of leaping-Houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moon and ſeven Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee, ſweet wagge, when thou art King, as God ſave thy Grace; Majeſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What, none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeves of the dayes beauty: let us be *Diana's* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; under whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayſt well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe: Now a purſe of gold moſt r
day night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent
with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with
as low an ebbe as the foote of the La
high a flow as the ridge of the Gall

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſayeſt true,
ſteſſe of the Taverne a moſt ſweet w

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*: my o
not a Buffe Jerkin a moſt ſweet robe

Falſ. How now, how now, mad w
thy quiddities? What a plague ha
Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I
the Taverne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cal'd her
and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to

Falſ. No, i'le give thee thy due, tho

Prince. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far
and where it would not, I have us'd

Falſ. Yea, and ſo uſed it, that wer
thou art Heire apparant. But I preth
Gallows ſtanding in *England*, wh
lution thus ſnub'd as it is with the
tick the Law? doe not thou, when t

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare by the Lord!

Prin. Thou judgeſt falſe already.
hanging of the Theeves, and ſo bec

Falſ. Well, *Hall*, well, and in ſ
humor, as well as waiting in the C

Prin. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes,
no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as
a lugd-Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a lover

Falſ. Yea, or the drone of a *Lin*

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37